He be as miserablie slaine as *I*.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when *I* giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefo
Die.
Plantagenet I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. &c
Alarmes, Enter the Duke of *Yorke* solus.
Yorke Ah *Yorke*, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of *Lancaster*,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, *I* heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere *I* staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the *Queene*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, and souldiers.

Com

Come bloudie *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*,
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the *Phœnix* maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford* for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford* doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006) LONDON, 1595 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G f.1) Octavo